MOST DEADLY AMONG SNAKES

an With Laucehead Vipers to Sell Got Even-A Terror From the Orient -America's Worst Snake a Victim of Its Nerves-Beauty of the Vipers.

reptile house in the New York Zoological Park representatives of the greater ber of the most deadly known species snakes have been exhibited. Some of ese creatures are extremely delicate captives. Others are hardy and have rished since the establishment of the anake house nine years ago.

Full records of habits of dangerous snakes



from all parts of the world have been preserved. These observations not only are of practical value but also embrace strange experiences of curator and keepers. Among the characteristics noted are traits strange enough to create astonishat even in the ranks of the nature fakers. The most formidable cageful of snakes ever exhibited in the reptile house consisted of a colony of lancehead virers from Martinique. These serpents are called fer-de-lance by the Creole French. The ourator had been seeking to obtain speciens of this reptile owing to repeated in-

tries on the snake house floor: Letters were despatched to various parts of the West Indies, South and Central America, but everybody seemed to be afraid of the snakes involved and refused to catch them alive at any price. Finally a welcome rumor came by way of New

An itinerant Frenchman had been exhibiting a collection of South American and West Indian serpents in that city and had started north with his reptiles on a coast steamer. He arrived in New York in a condition commonly known as broke. He had bought the snakes on speculation and his deal had gone altogether wrong. As soon as he arrived in New York he sent word to the park that he had snakes to sell.

The Frenchman proved to be a small. sallow, highly excitable individual and abode in the cellar Italian boarding house on Bleecker street. He was deathly afraid of the contents of a number of very dirty looking boxes.

As the writer endeavored to peer through the crevices of one of these boxes he was him for you as a syscial pet." greeted with a harsh whirr from within and an ominous shake of the Frenchman's head, as the owner grunted "Cascavella!" this term standing for the South American rattlesnake. This was a good find, but peering through an eighth of an inch crevice was unsatisfactory inspection. The owner then explained that glass tops had been fitted over the boxes in New Orleans, but these had been left behind in coming North to save expense. .

Bending over another box the writer started to pry off the cover when he was interrupted by a veritable shriek from his

"Jararacal" screamed the excitable little man, "mapipere z'anana, le fer-de-lance." As he pronounced the three names of the tropics for the long sought for snake, he climbed a pile of dusty lumber with apelike agility and perched close to the ceiling.

ard pried from the box cover showed the prize, a sinuous, velvety olive object, with lavelinlike head. With the Frenchman shouting exercitant prices from the top of the woodpile, the writer bargained he snakes-six lance heads and four big rattlers, all exposed to view, to the a rage and fear of the owner.

It was not until prices had been decided and all of the snakes fought into burlap bags and these securely tied that the former owner descended, and then for his scare enjoyed a slight revenge upon the writer. In a shallow tank in a corner writhed a blackish object, barely distinguishable as to shape in the muddy water.

"Here's something else. What is it? asked the writer. "Salamander," was the answer, accom-

panied by a crafty smile. Nonsense, there are no salamanders of that size in South America It's some kind and for the purpose of examination

the writer placed his hand gently under the creature to bring it to the surface for examination. The movement was attended by an electric shock that felt as if fifty hammers had struck the writer's arm.

"Gymneta" (electric eel), shouted the host in real glee. "You buy him?"

"I'll think it over," replied the writer. and when he arrived at the reptile house he instructed Head Keer er Snyder to go downmarking to Snyder as the latter started: "There's a curious eel down there. You might get acquainted with him, and if you

take a particular liking to him we'll buy Snyder was evidently as severely shocked

at the behavior of the eel as the writer. At all events, when the writer inquired if he would like the Gymnotus as a pet, his reply was negative and emphatic. "No, thanks," said Snyder. "With one

dodging horseless cabs and smoke wagons in the streets I move we keep eels that carry a dynamo out of the snake house. Nobody can convince me that the thing is a beast of nature. It's too blooming mechanical for mine. Why, the brute is apt to short circuit if he gets mad and set the building on fire!"

It was but a few weeks after the arrival of the fer-de-lance that another batch of deadly snakes was added to the collection. These came from the other side of the world.

A dealer had received, carefully crated two round baskets, the lids tied down with hempen cord. As from one of the receptacles came a steady hissing the writer was ent for to open both baskets and make an napection.

His diagnosis of one of the baskets containing cobras was correct, as when the cords were cut and the sides of the basket tapped with a stick the cover flew off as if from an exploding firecracker within and three of the majestic hooded snakes sprang into view. These were noosed and bagged, when the fastenings of the other basket were cut.

The snake buyers were wary with this one. The basket was significantly heavy and might have contained a king cobra, one of the most dangerous of snakes because of its considerable size and actual aggressiveness.

The cover moved and hearts beat fast. From the first narrow opening as the cover lifted a long, purple tongue shot forth The sight that followed yet lingers in the

minds of all the observers, for it was the first time any of them had seen a living

HORNED VIPER, SAHARA DESERT

Following the most cruel of heart shaped heads, with glittering, beady eyes, came a bloated body marked with a veritable pattern of the Orient. The creature slid from the basket with the case of flowing in the reptile house has always been that a oil, when with a backward jerk of the head the neck assumed the S shaped loop in the building. The young snakes would that precedes a lunge of the deadliest of probably survive as captives.

This was one of the very few big Indian vipers ever exhibited alive in this country. It was four feet long and as thick as a man's

One of the hardest propositions in the reptile house has been the task of keeping a living bushmaster on exhibition. The bushmaster, or sirocucu of South America. is the largest and most formidable poisonous snake of the New World. It is gorge ously marked with pale buff and black, and always a sensation in a collection of

As a captive it is notoriously delicate few specimens even surviving shipment from their native jungles. The organization of this death dealer is so intensely nervous that a captive bushmaster will jump at a shadow and may be thrown into such a frenzy it will involuntarily drive its

long fangs into its body. Four out of every five specimens shipped to the Zoological Park die en route and the maximum life of a captive is about four months. A captive example has never been known to feed, and the only known method of keeping a specimen alive for the few months it may remain on exhibition is to force beaten eggs down its throat

with a syringe. The handling of a snake of this kind is very dangerous. A bushmaster is capable of dislocating the bones of its head to such an extent that the operator's fingers are never quite safe, though he endeavor to grasp the reptile's neck immediately behind the head. Besides, the snake has a habit of turning the body within the skin.

Two men officiate at the compulsory feeding, one holding the creature by the neck and administering the eggs while the other keeps the serpent's body from spin-ning. During the work both men generally get their hands well bruised by the uncanny surface of the serpent's scales which have a formation like the skin of

A bushmaster usually dies from a tighten ing of the outer skin or epidermis, having

pair of spines of the desert hedgehog up through the roof of the mouth and out the top of the head. These spines were extracted and the snakes were soon feeding.

One species of African viper exhibited in

the reptile house possessed a color pattern which if described without the actual specimen being on hand to back the writer's ve racity might point to his being the wildes of nature fakers. This snake is the rhinoce ros viper, 31/2 feet long and 3 inches in diameter at the thickest part of the body.

On the back is a series of pale blue saddle bordered with yellow, thence enclosed in rhomb shaped margin of velvety black. Rising on the sides are pyramids of glaring bordered with crimson. Between these bold markings is a ground hue of the richest olive and with a lustre like that of fine velvet.

This snake was captured by Dr. Samue P. Verner, who brought the pygmy Ota Benga to this country. Dr. Verner found the viper coiled at the edge of a lagoon 800 miles from the African coast. He fought the reptile into a basket, consigned the burden to a none too enthusiastic black carrie and brought the snake out to the coast with

About three dozen creamy white eggs are laid and the mother coils about them Another poisonous snake captured by Dr. Verner was taken near the Gold Coast during a part of their incubation. The hope and represents a species known as the Gaboon viper. Of all deadly snakes this specimen would deposit eggs while living is the thickest of body in proportion to the length and also the most villainous in ap-

sharp, hissing inhalation. Then the air is exhaled to the tune of a long hiss. Wheezing steadily the ugly head is kepts flattened to the ground and may to the observer's consternation be lurched back-

ward in striking. Most spectacular in action among the renomous serpents are the cobras. Their graceful rearing pose when angered is inique among snakes.

These formidable brutes actually belong to the same family as the harmless snakes, from which they differ only in the possession of a pair of very short venom conducting fange. The venom is more powerful than that of the long fanged vipers, acting almost entirely upon the nerve centres.

Four species have been exhibited in the Zoological Park. These are the Malayan king cobra, deadliest of all snakes; the Indian spectacled cobra, the Egyptian cobra or asp, and the South African cobra, the last sometimes called the ringhals. Eleven species of cobras are known to

cience and the greater number of them are African. Not all of them spread a hood. One of the most dangerous among them is the Egyptian cobra. It has a habit of spitting its venom, or

at least ejecting a fine stream of the virus from each fang for a distance of from six to eight feet. If this fluid enters the eye of an observer damage begins at once, as the venom has the power of penetrating mucous membranes.

To render the keepers safe in cleaning the cobra cages the men are provided with auto goggles. It is amusing to note the look of amazement on the part of visitors when they behold two keepers in overalls going about their work attired in grotesque and bulging masks. Speculative remarks are usually far from the truth.

Many times, however, the men have felt an ominous spray upon their faces and hands, and upon cleaning the goggles have realized that these appliances warded off unpleasant results.

AN OLD TIME CITY LINE. History of a Signboard That Has Reer

Preserved in Brooklyn. Passengers on the trolley trains of the Sea Beach, Culver and West End lines to Coney Island see between the Thirty-sixth and the Thirty-ninth street stations a sign-

and the Thirty-ninth street stations a signboard that perplexes many of them.

It is on the right hand side going toward
the Island, is at perhaps one-third of the
distance from the former to the latter stopping place, is a narrow board eracted on
two posts by the side of the track and reads:

"City Line."

The posts are new, but the signboard is
old. For many years the sign was fastened
to a high board fence.

Recently new buildings have been erected
and the ground thereabouts has been graded,
but the old sign has been preserved and
set up on new posts very near the spot
where it had been for many years.

Before Brooklyn was made a borough
of New York and before the townships to
the south of Brooklyn became a part of the
city the signboard marked the line where
the cars passed from the city into the land
beyond the corporation. That was within
the memory of persons now hardly old

beyond the corporation. That was within the memory of persons now hardly old enough to be called middle aged.

If the trains that now pass this signboard going south could continue in the same direction to the present city line they would find it out in the Far Rockaway region and would got there in somewhat more than an hour.

THROGS.

A Dog That Can Understand and Scome to Be Able to Bend.

Everybody in Cranford, N. J., knows the incomparable Throgs, wisest and most literary of dogs. Throgs belongs to Miss Alice Lakey, chairman of the New Jersey

State Food Committee. Throgs has a vocabulary of about hundred words which he knows by sound, irrespective of the tone of the speaker's voice. For instance, Throgs has long been employed in taking an occasional note to some friends named Gates, who live near by. When the note is sent to Mr. Gates, Throgs will not permit Mrs. Gates to extract it from his mouth; while if it is intended for Mrs. Gates, Mr. Gates cannot get it. Throgs has proved many times that he knows the difference between "Mr." and "Mrs."

"Mr." and "Mrs." ...
A good share of his hundred word wocabulary is made up of proper names. One evening recently Mr. Lakey left the house, accompanied by Throgs.

"Going to Mr. Potter's, Throgs," said he

Throgs trotted ahead, and when he reached the Potter house turned in without further instruction.

Another time when Throgs proved that

he knew more than the person sending him was at the Lakeys' country home on Lake Winnepesaukee, New Hampshire. The Rev. Walter Gardener of the Seamen's Chapel in Hoboken had a camp near them, and Mr. Lakey was in the habit of sending a note over to him in the morning to discuss the day's plans.

One day Throgs took the note, started, and then sat down in the middle of the road and dropped the note. Urged to his duty, he went a little further and then sat down again.

Finding it impossible to drive Throgs,
Mr. Lakey walked over to the Gardener
place, which he found deserted and silent.
Throgs knew there was no one at home
and didn't see the sense of carrying over a

note.

Throgs not only knows the word "umbrella," but he knows what an umbrella is for. Whenever any member of the Lakey family issues from the house, pauses, looks up at the sky, meditates, and then says:
"Guess we'd better have the umbrella, Throgs!" Throgsalways rushes back for the numbrella.

"Guesa we'd better have the umbrella. Throgs!" Throgsalways rushes back for the umbrella. Throgsal persons in Cranford who declare that Throgs can read. For a long time he has gone every morning to a certain paper store, delivered a coin wrapped in a paper, and got the family paper.

The woman in charge knew what paper was wanted, but one morning a stranger was there who gave Throgs, the wrong paper. Throgs went across the road, sat down and dropped the paper. He sat there till the woman came and brought him the right paper. Then he set out for home, insultingly leaving the other paper lying in the mud and refusing to return it to its owner or have anything to do with it.

This evidence that Throgs could read the paper gave Mr. Lakey a new idea concerning the dog's education, and he proceeded to work along that line for a time. One day he led the conversation with a visitor up to the subject of almanacs, and extolled the virtues of a certain almanac.

"Throgs," said he, "go in the other room and bring me that almanac," naming it.

Throgs went immediately and brought the almanac. The visitor, who didn't know anything about Throgs, stared aghast.

"Do you mean to tell me that dog can read?" said she.

"Read?" said Mr. Lakey, "Why, that dog's literary. He's very fond of Ruskin. Throgs, go bring me one of Ruskin's books, whichever one you like."

Exit Throgs, to return with "Sesame and Lilies." Of course, Throgs's literary abilities are a little assisted. The assistance consists in Mr. Lakey's first placing the books on chairs in another room, in Throgs's presence. Throgs will always bring books which he sees so arranged, when told to; but he has the idiosyncrasy of always taking the one nearest the door first. So Mr. Lakey has only to keep the order of the arrangement in mind and arrange his conversation accordingly.

Throgs not only understands the word "food," but can spell it, as is appropriate with a mistress who is chairman of the pure food committee. When he begs for something to eat, if told to spell it, he

them in the proper order. As a

reward he gets a written order on the cook for a biscuit.

Throgs learned that a piece of paper carried to the cook meant biscuit, so one day when no one would attend to him he got a piece of paper out of the waste basket and

AS PEOPLE HANDLE PAPERS so They Will Act in Everything They Says an Old Bachelor.

"I know of no surer signboard of character than the way in which a man or woman handles a newspaper," said an old bachelor. "The person who hits the newspaper with the hand in opening the pages has the emphatic or Rooseveltian nature.

"You may depend upon it that such a peron will not hesitate to express an opinion, whether you like it or not. If a man handles his newspaper in this way he will do you in a trade. If a woman does it she will rule you if you marry her.

"The person who shifts and turns the pages of a newspaper repeatedly, first one way and then another, is unstable. The man will never succeed in business, the woman will be shiftless in her home. "You have seen, if you have noticed as I

havet people who never keep the pages of the paper intact. They get the pages mixed or allow a page to drop out. A man who handles his paper in this way has no system in his business. A woman who does it will drag her petticoat or wear her hosiery wrong side out, and if she becomes a mother her children will have dirty faces and underworkernot hair.

and unkempt hair.

"A man who reads one newspaper while he holds on to two or three more when he is in a room where there are others is a hog. That is a very ugly appellation It is the plain, blunt synonym for selfish "I have known some very nice and clever

people to litter up a room with newspapers as fast as they read them. Such a habit indicates a type of charry that begins at home disposition, coupled with a don't care disposition. As much as to say: 'I'm through with it, what's the difference?'

"The person who looks at the advertise-ments first, unless in searching for a job or a servant, is practical, rather com and sentimental when it suits "The man who rumples his paper and

rams it into his pocket when he is rams it into his pocket when he is seaving a street car is not only disorderly, but the act indicates that he is a sort of grabber; anything to get it and keep it.

"And a man who throws his newspaper when he has finished

on the floor of a car when he has finished reading it would not hesitate to spit on your rug and bump into you in the street without making an apology."

HAD A COSMOPOLITAN DINNER. Queer Dishes for Cornell's Club of Students

The Cosmopolitan Club at Cornell had its

annual dinner not long ago. Students representing the United States, England, Philippine Islands, Brazil, Uruguay, Greece Armenia, South Africa, Russia, Sweden Hindustan, China and Australia were

In the menu each dish was representa-tive of some one of the countries, and the dishes were prepared in some cases by the students themselves. The menu was:

Hors d'œuvres & la Française. a Grecque. Afretada & la Filippine Allaff & la Grecque.

Kalla & la Hindustani.

Kalla & la Chican & la Chi

ragillan café noir. Ceylon tea. Beer & la U. S. A

ROOSEVELT'S TENNIS PLAY

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE PRESI-DENT'S GAME.

He Scrooges Up and Cuffs the Ball as With the Big Stick—Less Light and Active

Than Ambassader Jusserand, for Instance-Makes Work for His Partner. WASHINGTON, Dec. 14.—The meetings of the Tennis Cabinet, which have been more or less interrupted by had weather lately, will soon be forced to submit to a long adjournment. The high screen as green canvas already strains at its moor-

ngs as the wintry wind whistles through

the crescent shaped apertures with which the upper marion of the screen is orna-There are two of these canvas walls, one at each end of the famous court just south of the new office wing of the White House. Fortunately for purposes of privacy, the White House lot at this point is very much higher than the street running between it and the State, War and Navy Building.

The bank, topped with a thick hedge, helps to isolate the court, and the high green curtain effectually finishes the work. The acreen at the opposite end and the wall of the office wing complete the enclosing of the pourt on three sides.

It is open to the south, though it is protected even in that direction by a hedge and by a burly policeman who takes a spell-bound interest in the games. The court is paved with asphalt which looks pretty gritty—the black, coarse variety.

There are no chairs or benches; no room

for them, in fact. The court is a strice atilitarian affair without any frills whe ever, with the exception of those creace shaped holes with their carefully bour When the President comes out

he looks like a big. self-satisfied boy. A very big boy, in fact, for although not as fat as he was he nevertheless makes a very He wears no hat, has on a heavy dark blue sweater of the peeler variety, ordinary dark trousers and black tennis shoes. Even when the other players disport themselves in flannels and soft shirts with rolled up

sleeves the President sticks to his sweater and his heavy trousers.

The reason for this is perhaps his desire further to reduce his weight by getting into a good perspiration. But if that is the reason the wonder is that he doesn't

play a more active game. If he really wants to perspire under his heavy clothing let him do as M. Jusserand does. The latter dances nimbly about the court, covering about ten miles to the

President's one. At the same time the President, though a rather ponderous player, seems to keep up his end of the game. He gets most of the balls that come his way, though if he were to try singles it might be a very

different story.

When his partner is serving the President stands too close to the net for so sta-tionary a player as he is. Ball after ball goes by him. The other fellow in the back court, chasing from side to side, does all

the work. At least he does the lion's share of it, although when a stray ball does chance to come near enough for the President to get it the latter shows a very valuable trait in a net player. He is cool enough to make use of his position in placing the ball for a difficult return.

His play is not at all free. He rarely uses a shoulder swing. His arm works almost entirely from the elbow.

The whole impression one has in watching him is one of tightness, of concentration. While the ball is in play his muscles seem to be screwed together. He hunches his shoulders, crouches his knees, sticks his head forward.

He is like a great animal crouched for an attack. And when the ball comes near hi he gives it a sort of cuff with his racquet the motion being made without releasing

the tenseness of his attitude. When the ball is no longer in play he straightens up, throws back his head, and with chest out, chin in, tramps solidly across to the other side and tightens up for the

next ball. His own serve is unlike that of any other member of the Tennis Cabinet. He attempts no overhand work, no cuts or drops or fancy

business of any description. He holds his racquet above his head in exact position for striking the ball a straight, hard blow. The ball itself he holds right against the racquet. For several seconds he stands absolutely motionless in that position and

then, smack! he hits the ball one of those hard, short, straight blows. He makes comparatively few false serves. He does not take advantage, as most players do, of the first try by attempting to get a difficult and hazardous ball over the net.

Sometimes he serves an entire game without

making use of the second try. His serve should not be very hard to return. The balls are swift but they are straight; and owing to his habit of poising his racquet so long before hitting the ball, which meantime is also right in position, a shrewd player ought to be able to tell just where to expect it.

"BEWARE THE DOG!" Meaning of the Sign as the Industriou Book Agent Reads It.

An industrious book agent who works the outskirts of the city says that several times a day he is confronted by the dooryard sign "Beware the Dog" or "Beware the Dogs." In most instances the sign is erected near a kennel with a doorway big enough to admit a Great Dane or young hippopotamus. Sometimes there are

"And if I were in the business of buying up 15 cent dogs I should expect to get one or more wherever I see one of these signs," said the book agent. "Whenever you see the 'Beware the Dog' sign you may be sure of one of two things-that there is somewhere on the premises an undersized mongrel that when he sees you will beat it with his tail curled under him like a boiled lobster, or that the sign belonged to the family that moved out a while ago.

while ago.

"If you are timid as to dogs, put aside your fear when you see the beware sign. The chances are that the dog or dogs will see you before you see them and that your only evidence of their presence will be their yelps while running for the shelter of the ash barrels, or that there are no dogs on the premises.

"I like a good dog. You don't have to beware him; he will do the bewaring. He will perhaps meet you at the gate and follow you to the door, but he will do nothing more if you attend to your business.

"This is true of large and small good dogs. If you came around at an unseasonable hour of the night the good small dog would probably confront you and

dog would probably confront you find make a racket that would wake up the family, and the big good dog might down you without giving any alarm. But you never see the 'beware' sign where there is

never see the 'beware' sign where there is such a dog.

"There are snappy dogs, and it is well enough to look out for them when entering premises where you are not known; but wherever you see the warning sign it is usually safe to take it that you can buy the dog or dogs for 15 cents, or that the family doesn't own a dog."

## LIVE MEN AS PISTOL TARGETS

NEW STYLE OF PRACTICE. ess Duets Fought in Rubber Armo and With Glass Masks-Bullets That Harm Only the Clothing -Cure for Ner-

EXPERT SHOTS OF PARIS HAVE

ness in Dueis-Police to Try It. The Pistol Shooting Association has been organized in Paris to train the hand, eye erve of would-be expert shots by firing at living targets. The targets are ers of the society. They stand up

re shot at from day to day and take their turn in shooting at the other members. They wear a sort of armor as a rule while the shooting is going on, but this is only to save their clothes. They wear masks their faces too, but the masks are principally of glass. The bullets are made of wax and as they have only a sub-calibre charge of powder behind them they are

not capable of doing much harm. Devilliers. He is an enthusiast in pistol ce. He can punch out the spots in a g card at long range.

ago and he started to devise means of shooting at human targets without unduly decreasing the population. First he tried bullets of loose felt, but he found that they

had no carrying power. Then he tried dipping them in tallow. This made them fly truer, and then it was only a step to the use of balls of tallow itself and from that to a soft wax, readily handled and melting into innocuas it struck the object aimed at.

The first man brave enough to stand up and be shot at was M. Barillier, a municipal counsellor of Paris. He wore a wire mask and no other protection. He came unscathed out of the ordeal, but his clothe were a sight. M. Devilliers's aim was unerring and coat and waistcoat when the practice was over

were converted into a polka dot pattern of

half inch grease spots. A bullet that hit the mask also showed that wire gauze was an insufficient protection for the eyes. To save the trouble of putting on old clothes the armor was devised; it is simply a loose rubber coat made something like an army overcoat. The mask was improved by the insertion of a plate of thick, tough glass in front of the eyes. To protect the bare hand when duels are fought the pistol has a guard like that of a fencing foil attached below the barrel.

duels. It consists of a steel shell, one end of which takes a wax ball of average duelling size, while the other has a tiny chamber for powder with a window to minimize the effect of the explosion on the ball.

With this device the pellet of wax gets just impetus enough to fly from six to twelve yards, having force enough when it strikes to break a pane of glass or penetrate a stout fabric.

fabric.

The society has at present 154 members. They have a field day every Friday in the Jardin de Paris. An alley has been specially prepared with butts to stop stray bullets, even though they are of wax.

Under the band stand there is a long table at which an artilleryman, detailed for the purpose, loads and cleans the pistols. Besides the director of each day's practice stands a metronome beating 100 strokes a minute. In duels the word of command: "One, two,

In duels the word of command: "One, two, three, fire!" is given at the speed of the beats—a word to each stroke, One of the games indulged in is sheeting 100 pistols by metronome time.

The second hands fresh loaded weapons as fast as they are fired, and the expert aims and discharges in the one-hundredth part of a minute. Some will make 75 per cent. of hits on a target showing the outline of a man turned sideways, or on the living target at this speed.

turned sideways, or on the living target at this speed.

It is said that firing at the living target constitutes the final education of the pistol expert. There is a nervousness that the surest shot cannot get over until he has ac-quired the hebit of looking his adversary in

With this hope a number of D are ordered each year. Most of them are captured on the island of Transad and a few of them in Venezuela, whence comes a record of a medium sized specimen biting a man and causing his death within ten

neglected to shed it at the proper time

This is the only species of viperine or long fanged snake that lays eggs instead of

bringing forth the young alive.

minutes. Among the poisonous snakes that live vell in captivity are the several species of African vipers, all thick bodied, with ugly, heart shaped heads. The smaller vipers from the Sahara Desert are interesting, as they are of exactly the same pale hue as

Two species are known, and one of them has a pair of sharp horns over the eyes. As their bodies are exceedingly stout they would make poor progress getting over loose desert sand by crawling like ordinary snakes, so they move by a series of laterally thrown loops.

The effect is a rapid, walking motion that trikes the human observer as positively weird. When desiring to hide they flatten the body until it presents sharp edges, to which are communicated wavelike motions that scoop up the sand and cast it over the creature's back, when it rapidly sinks into

the sand. It was in a collection of sand vipers that the writer thought he had discovered a strange new species. The reptiles had been purchased from an Arab snake charmer at

Among them were half a dozen members of the horned species that looked quite normal, several representatives of the nornless snakes, and eight or ten examples with very long, sharp horns, but with bodily characteristics of the former. Instead of the horns springing from a position immediately over the eyes as with the cerastes viper, each horn seemed to sprout midway

between the eye and the snout. With the technical references before him the writer started an investigation, thinking a new species might soon grace the lists. He was astonished to find that all of the queer horned specimens had been faked by

the eye and aiming at him under the muzzle of a pistol aimed at himself.

It is said that this habit once acquired can be carried into the duelling field and all trace of nervousness be eliminated from the aim of a combatant who has never previ-ously taken part in an actual life and death

aim of a combatant who has hever previously taken part in an actual life and death encounter.

As an illustration of the effect of nervousness on inexperienced duellists, the story is told of a combat between two duellists wherein one staggered and declared himself hit the moment the pistols were discharged. Sure enough, he had a big patch of blood on his right shoulder, just where he said he fait the bullet strike him.

The doctor and seconds carefully removed his coat and were astonished to find no mark on his waistooat or shirt. His skin too, proved to be sound; yet there was a good sized patch of unmistakable gore on his outer garment.

One of the seconds solved the mystery when he picked up a couple of feet away the mangled body of a sparrow. The bird had flown across the line of fire, far overhead, just as the word was given. The adversary's bullet, flying far overhead, owing to the nervousness of the man behind the gun, passed through the bird and its body in falling struck the other combatant on the shoulder.

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The Ministry of War has approved the sport of pistol practice at living targets and the Paris Prefecture of Police is arranging for its men to take a course, especially those stationed at night in the quarters frequented by Apaches.